Numb. XXXI.

The LOVER.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, *Gent.*

Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipſa; rident
Simplices Nymphæ, ferus & Cupido,
Semper ardentes acuens ſagittas
Cote cruentâ. Hor.

Thurſday, May 6. 1714.

London, May 4.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'I Remember, ſome time ago, that I heard a 'Gentleman, who often talked out of a 'Book, ſpeak of a King that was ſo fond of 'his Wife, that his Mind overflowed with 'the Happineſs he had in the Poſſeſſion of her Beau'ties. I remember it was juſt ſo that talking Fel'low expreſſed himſelf; but all that I want of his 'Story is to ſay, that he ſhewed his Queen naked 'from a Chink in the Bed Chamber; and that the 'Queen, finding this out, reſented it ſo highly, 'that ſhe, after mature Deliberation, thought fit to 'plot againſt her Husband, and married the Man 'to whom he had expoſed her Perſon. I have but 'a puzzled way of telling a Story; but this Circum'ſtance, among ſuch great People, may give you 'ſome Thoughts upon an Accident of the like kind, 'which happened to me a Man of middle Rank.

'There is a very gay, pleaſant young Lady, 'whom I was well acquainted with, and had long 'known as being an Intimate of my Siſter's: We 'were the other Day a riding out; the Women 'and Men on ſingle Horſes; it happened that this 'young Lady and I out-rid the Company, and in 'the Avenue of the Wood between *Hampſtead* 'and *Highgate* her Horſe threw her full upon her 'Head. She is a quick-witted Girl, and finding Chance had diſcovered more of her Beauty than 'ever ſhe deſigned to favour me with, ſhe in an 'inſtant lay on the Turf in a decent manner, as in 'Trance, before I could alight, and come to her

(Price Two Pence.)

'Aſſiſtance. I fell in Love with her when ſhe was 'Topſie Turvey, and from that Inſtant profeſſed 'my ſelf her Servant. She always laughed, and 'turned off the Diſcourſe, and ſaid ſhe thought it 'muſt be ſo: The whole Family were mightily ama'zed how this Declaration came all of a ſudden, and 'why, after two or three Years Intimacy, not a 'Word, and yet now ſo very Eager. Well; the 'Father had no Exception to me, and the Wedding'day was named, when, all of a ſudden, the Fa'ther has ſent my Miſtreſs to a diſtant Relation in 'the Country, and I am diſcarded. Now, Sir, 'what I deſire of you is to inſert this, that her Fa'ther may underſtand what ſhe meant, when ſhe 'ſaid, *I ſhall be aſhamed to be Wife of any other* '*Man*; and what I meant when I ſaid that *I know* '*more of her already than any other Husband* '*perhaps ever may*. Theſe Expreſſions were let 'drop when the Father ſhewed ſome Signs of part'ing us, and I appeal to you, whether, according 'to nice Rules, ſhe is not to prefer me to all o'thers. This is a ſerious matter in its Conſequen'ces, and I won't be chouſed, therefore pray inſert 'it. The whole is humbly ſubmitted by,

SIR,

Your moſt Unfortunate, Humble Servant,

Tim. Pip.

T.

To Mr. MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

SIR,

'OBſerving you play the Caſuiſt, the Doctor, nay 'often deſcend even to the Letter Carrier, for 'the Service of Lovers, I am apt to think my pre'ſent Condition brings me within your Cognizance, 'and countenances this Application. Sir, I ever 'was a great Admirer of a ſingle State, and my chief 'Study has been to collect Encomiums in its favour, 'and Inſtances of unhappy Marriages to confirm 'me. I never could think my ſelf the ſad half of 'a Man, or, that my Cares wanted doubling. The 'beſt Exerciſe I ever performed at School was, a 'Tranſlation of *Juvenal*'s ſixth Satyr. I remember 'my Maſter ſaid ſmiling, Sirrah you will die a 'Batchelor. Since I came to Man's Eſtate I have 'every Day talked over, with little variation, the 'common-place Sayings againſt Matrimony. I be'lieve they've been more conſtant than my Prayers. 'I muſt now, Sir, acquaint you how I became diſ'armed of thoſe Principles in an Inſtant, and how 'other Thoughts took place, ſo that I beg leave 'hereby to Recant, and proteſt againſt thoſe dam'nable Doctrines. And further I humbly beſeech 'all Ladies with whom I converſe, to beſtow 'on me the Encouragement which new and true 'Converts generally meet with. I was riding 'in the Country laſt Spring, of all Days in the Week 'it was upon a *Tueſday*, when, on a ſudden, I heard 'a Voice which guided my Sight to two young Wo'men unknown to me: They were negligently, I 'won't ſay meanly dreſt, had large Staffs in their 'Hands, and were followed by Spaniels and Grey'hounds. One (whom I now ſee with the Lover's 'Teleſcope) wore a Bonnet. On her I caſt my 'Eyes till the brightneſs of hers made them fail 'me, that is, I have ſeen nothing in its true light 'ſince. I am a piece of a Scholar, yet am not able, 'Mr. *Myrtle*, to affirm what I ſaw, and how this 'Object ſtruck the Organs of my Body, affected my 'Soul and Mind, and produced this laſting Idea. 'The old Philoſophers, you know, attributed a 'Soul to the Loadſtone, when they cou'd not find 'out the Reaſon of its Union to Iron. Whence ſhall 'I deduce the Cauſe of my Condition? Shall I 'ſpeak of an Impulſe, Preſſure of Inſenſible Parti'cles, ſecret Power, Deſtiny, the Stars, Magick; 'or ſhall I ſay in the Lawyers Term, that every 'Feature had its Copies; or muſt I mention occult 'Quality, or as the genteel World tranſlate it, *Je 'ne ſcay quoy*? I ſhould have told you I was a hunt'ing when I ſaw this Object, that when it fled, my 'good-ſpirited Gelding refuſed the Gate that parted 'us, and run away with me. This was as good as 'a ſecond Game, for I who before was the greateſt 'Sportſman in the Country, have ever ſince haunt'ed the Woods to Sigh, not Hallow. In lonely 'Shades by Day, and Moonſhine Walks by Night '(ſhe ever by my Side) I have found my only Pleaſure. 'This Condition I have ſuffered for a long Series 'of time, but wandering in the ſame Wood ſaw 'a Country Girl in the ſame Bonnet in which I 'formerly beheld my great Calamity. I followed 'her, and found the Aboad of her for whom I lan'guiſh. *Ma Charmante* is your conſtant Reader, 'who hereby will have ſome Notion of me and 'my Name. I crave, Sir, your Aſſiſtance herein, 'and (to eaſe your ſelf of another troubleſome Let'ter) your Advice, in Caſe of a Denial to wait up'on her. I have abundance more to ſay, but de'ſire you to ſay it to your ſelf in behalf of,

SIR,

Your Enamoured Humble Servant.

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——— Libeat mihi Sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare Caſas.---- Virg.

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